

The People's Press.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

VOL. XXX.

SALEM, N. C.

NOVEMBER 9, 1882.

NO. 45.

A Pathetic Poem.

McCook ("Van Dyke Brown"), the young poet who died in Utica, N. Y., recently, left one of the two poems touching his life and the progress of his early days, which are very pathetic. Here is one with a sigh in every line.

AWAITING THE END.

Never again to know
Health's warming, radiant glow;
Never again to feel the pulse quickened
beat,
The sinews pliant as steel, tempered in
action's heat,
The sweat of honest toil, bringing its respite
sweet;
Never again to light, night and day,
To mark the body's slow decay,
And know that Death scores one in the game
(In sunshine and shadow all the same),
Every day, every day!

Never again to dream
Of all that may be, or seem,
In the sunset hid from the eager eye
of youth;
Never to raise the lid of the precious casket
of truth;
Never to hope to delve in the field of thought,
forsooth;

But day and night, night and day,
To watch the hours waste away,
Still in the world and still not of it—
Still learning more and more to it—

Every day, every day!

Never again to stand
In the thick of the battle grand—
In the God-lead battle of life, the godliest
battle of all,
Where noble it were in the strife, manfully
fighting to fall;

Never in action's ranks to answer the bugle
call—
But day and night, night and day,
To passively sit and watch the fray,
With a skeleton specter always nigh—
Oh, worse than a thousand times to die

Every day, every day!

THEIR COMMON BOND.

Several explosive sneezes interrupted Loya Travis as she added the last touches of charming disorder to the fringe of curling bronze hair which lay on her forehead. As a particularly energetic "Ah-tish-oof" rent the air, and caused her to perform an involuntary courtesy, her straight, dark eyes met the thoughtful little frivs which were directed to her, and, looking meditatively into the mirror, she observed that her pale-gray eyes were inflamed, and that her pretty nose, with its suspicion of tip-tidiness, had, on this occasion, more than a suspicion of redness.

"I can't have taken a cold," Loya meditated. "It must be yes, it is the fifteenth of August," she exclaimed, as she glanced at the calendar which hung on the wall of her room. "It has come!" she announced, solemnly, as she walked into the room where the family were assembled at breakfast.

"What? The Day of Judgment, or a cyclone?" demanded Kate, Loya's younger sister.

"None of your flippancy, miss!" rebuked Loya. "What evil genius has dogged my footsteps since my earliest teens, lying in wait for me, and pouncing upon me with mathematical precision every year on the fifteenth of August? What diabolical spirit, may I ask you, holds me in its clutches, as she glanced at the calendar which hung on the wall of her room. "It has come!" she announced, solemnly, as she walked into the room where the family were assembled at breakfast."

"You really were doing very badly," said the pretty missionary, candidly.

"Still, if you really insist upon it," continued Loya, looking at her quizzically. "When I return to Fort Raynor, I will question your pastor and teacher with regard to you, Miss Travis."

The tables of surprises were completely turned upon Loya. She repeated blankly, "Fort Raynor! Miss Travis!" then recovering herself slightly, said: "I know that it is not polite to stare at you so, and repeat your words as if I was a parrot; but you have completely petrified me. Please turn me to flesh and blood as quickly as possible, by explaining what you meant by exploding these names upon me like two Fourth of July firecrackers."

"Very well, Miss Galathea, I live at Fort Raynor, and Donald Trافت, the firm of Trافت & Blanding, hardware merchants. I have been a classmate of Mrs. Blanding's. In the margin of time which bordered the dinner hour, some of his fellow-assembly members in the wide hall or on the shaded porch. He scanned the room, and, finding no one, he slipped away. Eminent among the ladies were a classical girl, two scientific girls and a flirting girl. The classical girl had woven several Homeric threads into the web of desultory conversation; the scientific girls had set up Darwin and Herbert Spencer in opposition to Homer; the flirting girl had angled for and obtained several neat little compliments, yet Loya did not appear. They were at the dinner table; every chair was occupied; Trافت's eyes wandered eagerly in search of Loya, still she was unaccountably absent. He turned suddenly as a swet, unusual voice behind his chair, and his chin of soups, and his eyes rested upon the face for which he had been searching.

This creature of surprises wore a blue gingham, with a white apron and white collar and cuffs. Her wayward hair was filled and coiled into subjection, and if any meriment lay in ambush under the dark lashes it revealed itself only by the merest twinkle. Beside this severely grave young person Milton's ideal woman, as exemplified in Eve waiting on her celestial visitors, would have appeared a giddy thing.

In his amazement he had not answered her question, and she repeated it, and was dittled away. Awaiting his return, he glanced at the other occupants of the table to see what they thought of having Miss Travis for a waitress. Apparently, they thought nothing of it, for their faces showed no marks of surprise, and they continued sipping soup so placidly that Trافت soliloquized somewhat savagely: "If an angel should drop down in a casual way, fold its wings carefully so as to keep the feathers out of the butter, put a large apron over its robe of white samite, mystic, wonderful, and begin to wait on the table, they would not be surprised."

Loya, a playfully soft smile, said: "But I am turned to flesh only to fly, for it's a quarter past five," she announced, glancing at her watch and returning it to her girl of dark-green velvet. Then, before Trافت could carry out his intention of looking at her, she never paused, but merely tossed over her shoulder a cool, "It isn't likely, for I am so busy."

"What can she be 'so busy' about?" Trافت pondered, shrugging his shoulders in annoyance. "For what fancy work (or fancy idleness) she has thrown me over, I wonder? Probably, like the rest of mankind, she has fallen under the subtle influence of modernism and cat-tailism."

"Yes, I believe so," said Loya. "But I am turned to flesh only to fly, for it's a quarter past five," she announced, glancing at her watch and returning it to her girl of dark-green velvet. Then, before Trافت could carry out his intention of looking at her, she never paused, but merely tossed over her shoulder a cool, "It isn't likely, for I am so busy."

"Never would I have been guilty of such baseness!" rebuked Trافت, sternly. "But have I dissolved my love?"

"Yes," interrupted Loya, "I know the family exchequer is not filled to overflowing. But I have a plan, and if Kate and John will stop gazing at me as if I were a two-headed lady, I'll tell you about it."

"How?" inquired Kate.

"She'll take her knapsack on her back, And travel on the railway track."

Then, in an irritating falsetto, sang Johnny, in a falsetto, "You know I'd be glad to have you go to Michigan, or to some of those Northern States, dear, but—" began Mrs. Travis.

"Yes," interrupted Loya, "I know the family exchequer is not filled to overflowing. But I have a plan, and if Kate and John will stop gazing at me as if I were a two-headed lady, I'll tell you about it."

She accordingly unfolded her plan, and, after many feeble jokes and much scoffing on the part of Kate and Johnny, great perplexity on the part of Mrs. Travis, and much triumphant proving of points of interest on the part of Loya, she won her mother's consent to what she wished to do, and cheerfully dispensed with the approval of jeering Kate and Johnny.

* * * * *

One afternoon, late in August, Donald Trافت stood by the river at a Wisconsin summer resort skipping stones. As he was sauntering along the wooded banks of the Lac la Belle, its smooth expanse suggested a renewal, at thirty, of one of his boyish sports at ten. Acting upon the suggestion, he had collected a small mound of thin, smooth stones, and for the past ten minutes or more had been laboriously trying to make them skip properly. But instead of giving the graceful little leaps which Trافت had expected them to do as a matter of course, they ineffectually grazed the surface of the river and then plunged at once beneath. They made a pretty show of sparkles and dancing rings on the water, it is true, but they were not by any means the duty of skipping stones. Donald, patient and rustily admitted that his success was not brilliant. So evidently thought an unseen spectator, for, to Trافت's stigmatization, there swooped upon him an apparition in an ivory fanned dress, with a dark green sailor hat on a bronze confusion of curl and wave, and a pair of eyes of a deep, soft, incanting hue.

"Too lovely to be true!" he thought with the dire gaze of a child, while a sweet voice pleaded:

"Oh, please let me show you!"

As Trافت turned, a slight reddening, which would have been an un-

iable blush in a fairer man, overpread his face, and he met the gaze of the pretty stranger with a look of recognition and pleasure which was instantly suppressed. She did not notice this look, however, for her fingers were tingling for the skipping-stones as an instant's thought for pencil and brush when he set them by unskillful hands. Trافت, making no reply to her request, she again pleaded:

"Oh, do let me show you!"

He yielded her place at once to his incognito in ivory-and-green, and, after ruthlessly demolishing Trافت's carefully-built mound, she gleaned from the scattered stones a few that met with her approval, and proceeded to "show" him. How pretty she looked as she stooped poised on the bank, taking a careful aim! With her fringe of hair blown by the wind into countless curly tendrils, her lashes resting heavily on her cheeks like black satin, and her dimples deepening at the corners of her mouth, Trافت thought he had never seen anything more satisfactory to look upon.

Trافت came again and again, making the lovely face, with its fascinating combination of earnestness and piety, his prayer-book, sermon and song. He had never been able to obtain an introduction to its owner, for the reason which she herself had given that afternoon. Then the time for her annual hay-fair coming around, he had run up from it to this northern retreat, trusting to find Miss Travis in her usual place on his return.

She was not at the lawn social, nor did he know of any who knew her, so he was forced to fall back upon the hope of another chance encounter.

It came three days later. He found her seated on a camp stool trying to sketch a bit of river scenery. He was as familiar with paint brush and pencil as she was with skipping stones, and under his instructions and finishing touches the sketch was much more satisfactory than it would have been otherwise.

"What will you think of me?" she began. "Indeed I am not bold and impudent, although I know that I must have seemed so this afternoon. You may ask any one at Fort Raynor if I am?"

And, recollecting that she had probably never seen Fort Raynor, she added, hastily, "Or will you give my address to my minister and my Bible class teacher, and you may write to them?"

Trافت looked at her with smiling eyes as she stood, in wild anxiety, to clear her throat, and, suspecting an impudent person. Then, as she concluded, he said, reassuringly:

"There is no necessity for writing. I am fully convinced that you are the very pink and pinnacle of propriety. Why, any young lady who had a spark of the missionary spirit in her composition would feel it an imperative duty to hasten to the instruction of a benevolent heathen, who was struggling unaided and alone, to make some progress in the noble art of skipping stones."

"You really were doing very badly," said Trافت, "Wealthy, that the thought of you, with your family and friends, and, looking meditatively into the mirror, she observed that her pale-gray eyes were inflamed, and that her pretty nose, with its suspicion of tip-tidiness, had, on this occasion, more than a suspicion of redness.

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"Perhaps," said Loya, with a look which suggested the possibility of her having further surprises in store. Then she gathered up her materials preparatory to another flight.

"Are you Cinderella, running off to your home?" asked Trافت, laughing.

"How strange it is that some words are so hard to pronounce although they are really very short!" "Yes," for example."

Then there was a second edition of the same little blush which went to the eyes of the girl. Trافت could not tell, for her turned her head so quickly.

"Loya," he said, "I am—stop."

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"There is no necessity for writing. I am fully convinced that you are the very pink and pinnacle of propriety. Why, any young lady who had a spark of the missionary spirit in her composition would feel it an imperative duty to hasten to the instruction of a benevolent heathen, who was struggling unaided and alone, to make some progress in the noble art of skipping stones."

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1882.

LOCAL ITEMS.

A few turnips have been offered in the market.

The walks in the Public Square are being fixed up.

All the new styles Hats and Bonnets at Mrs. Douthit's.

Dr. H. T. Bahson left for the North last week, on business.

F. H. Fries and lady, and Miss Lula Fries have returned from the North.

A new lamp post and lamp has been put at the corner of West and Church streets.

J. G. Sides is putting up a new building near Isaac Hauser's, on the Salisbury road.

The pavement, from the Vogler store building to the Widows' House, is to be raised. A good move.

We learn that T. L. Hine and John Hine will move to Watauga county, in a few weeks.

Go to FRIES' for your FINE SHOES.

Mrs. Geo. E. Pond and children left for Fort Ringo, Texas, on Saturday last.

The 13th of November Love-fest will take place on next Sunday, in the Moravian church.

A large line Corsets at Mrs. Douthit's.

Rev. L. B. Wurreschko will preach in the Moravian church at Kerner's, on next Sunday.

The locust trees now come in for a share of pelting by the boys, that fruit being ripe.

John Schott now occupies his new residence, corner of Marshall and West streets.

Calvin Hauser showed us two good sized June apples, the other day, that were the second growth.

Distemper among the cattle in the mountains is killing large numbers.

Nice assortment of Ladies' Cloaks at Mrs. Douthit's.

We wondered why he came to town with both of his hands done up in rags, one day last week, and felt a delicacy in asking him in the crowd. So getting him to himself, we pointed to the two members securely bandaged, and asked him if he had been handling the teeth of a threshing machine while it was in motion.

"Oh no," he answered. "Well, what is the matter that you have both hands bandaged up so?" we asked.

"I'll tell you, friend," said he, chuckling, "there ain't much of anything the matter with my hands, but I thought there would be a good many candidates around today, so I concluded it would be a good plan to bandage up both hands so as to ward off hand-shaking."

As a candidate is bound to shake something when he is electioneering, the last we saw of our friend as aspirant for office was shaking him vigorously by the ear.

The jam of wagons continues at the Boner & Crist old stand. We are satisfied that C. R. Welfare is selling goods as cheap as any house in either of the two towns. NEW GOODS received twice a week. Thanks to the many customers who have been trading with him.

The largest and most complete assortment of

ZIEGLER BROTHER'S SHOES ever brought to this market, just received.

H. W. FRIES.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS.

Meeting of the County and State Organizations—Mass Meeting—Love-Feast, &c.

The Fourth Annual meeting of the Forsyth County Sunday School Convention convened in the Presbyterian church, in Winston, on Tuesday of last week, at 10 o'clock. Opened with song, reading of the Scriptures and prayer. The Secretary not being present, J. T. Lineback was appointed Secretary pro-tem. The following Schools were represented and the delegates enrolled:

Antioch, M. E.—I. W. Kroger. Bethel, M. E. S. A. Burke. Concord, M. E.—J. P. Binkley. Doubt's Chapel.—M. E.—O. W. F. Doub.

Salem, Elm St. Mor.—E. A. Ebert, Mrs. L. E. Ebert, Thos. Spaugh, Miss M. E. Vogler, Mrs. E. A. Ebert. East Salem, Mor.—H. E. Fries, Mrs. H. E. Fries.

Friedland, Mor.—M. N. Garboden. Love's Church, M. E.—S. E. Clemens.

Mr. Tabor, M. E. Isaac Petree, Henry Pfaff.

New Hope, M. E.—Andrew Petree.

Nazareth, Lutheran.—J. W. Styers, Wm. Parker.

New Philadelphia, Mor.—I. A. Butner, Henry Null.

New Friendship, Bap.—Samuel Hoge, F. D. L. Messer.

Olivet Chapel, Mor.—A. E. Pfaff, R. C. Lineback.

Bethabara, Mor.—Theodore Hine.

We learn that a vehicle was overturned in the gully on the Salisbury road, near Dr. Matthews' one night last week. No damage done to horse or driver, but the vehicle was considerably smashed.

Mrs. Dore and Miss Reed's colored school opened in this place on Wednesday of last week. These ladies are favorably known here, and this is the third term of their teaching in this place.

A choice lot of Cologns at Mrs. Douthit's.

OYSTER SUPPER. The first Oyster Supper of the season will be given in the Vogler Store Building, on Saturday evening next.

Doors open at 5 o'clock, P. M., and all the evening.

Elm Street Sunday School benefit.

Improvements are being made at Brown's Warehouse, Winston. Comfortable stalls for stock have been arranged around the yard. The Pfahl & Stockton Warehouse has a new belfry and sales are now announced by the ringing of a bell instead of a horn as heretofore.

The executive committee reported. The number of schools now in the county is less than it was last year. This falling off is attributed to townships that have not been organized. It is suggested that one or more persons be authorized to visit each school in the county once a year. An exchange of visits by Superintendents in the townships was also suggested.

The Treasurer, Rev. F. H. Johnston, made a satisfactory report of the financial condition of the convention.

The report of S. Clemens, of Middle Fork Sunday School, was heard, which was followed by reports from the Vice-Presidents of the different townships present. These reports consumed the morning session.

Salem, Home, Mor.—Mrs. Shaffer, Miss E. DeSchweinitz, Miss A. Van Vleck, J. T. Lineback, Thad. Butner, Mrs. E. Kramer, Mrs. A. Keehln, Miss J. E. Welfare, Mrs. L. M. Fries.

Union Grove, Union—Philip Hopkins, John White.

Winston, M. E.—E. Gray, Miss Alice Wilson, Z. T. Bynum, H. X. Dwyer, Misses Nora Dodson and Annie Thompson.

Winston, Presbyterian.—Mr. Rogers, Miss A. Watkins, Mrs. R. D. Brown, Mrs. T. F. Williamson, Mrs. Irene Brown, Miss A. Spiller, T. J. Brown, L. B. Spencer, Miss L. Lott, Winston, M. P.—S. Starr, A. H. Johnston.

Winston, Baptist.—A. J. Hunt. Ministers Present.—Drs. C. H. Wiley, Rev. F. H. Johnston, Dr. E. Rondthaler, Rev. C. C. Dodson, Albert Peale, W. W. Albee, B. W. H. Johnston.

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